

Lauds Belasco's Latest "The Governor's Lady"

First Play of Alice M. Bradley Has Its Premier in Philadelphia; Will Go to the Metropolis in September.

By Vanderheyden Fyles

NEW YORK, May 11.—The other day I was passing that one of David Belasco's New York theaters which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer. It is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

It is a pity that the playhouse which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer, is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

It is a pity that the playhouse which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer, is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

It is a pity that the playhouse which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer, is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

It is a pity that the playhouse which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer, is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

It is a pity that the playhouse which housed "The Woman" for many prosperous months this season, and which is now closed for the summer, is the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer, and the first of the playhouses which have been closed for the summer.

gray mouse, like the worm, will turn, Dan's political advisers work on him subtly and, finally, directly, to rid himself of his inconvenient wife. The first proposition that she divorce him simply astounds her. But when it becomes a command all the smoldering fire in her soul flares up. In a sustained outburst of infuriated indignation Mary paints a picture of their starved beginnings and of their years of mutual strife and deprivation that bows Daniel in shame. Outraged, hurt, defiant, she leaves him to his miserable luxury and ambitions. But they meet again at Child's! And there, across a plate of hot-cakes, they realize how much more they are to each other than all the power, dignities and honors that the world can give. And we leave the old folk reunited, happy in Arcadia in a beautiful house.

POSSIBLY egged on to a taste for travel and adventure by my desperate dash to Philadelphia, I determined the next night to penetrate the darkest Brooklyn, and there see Fritz Scheff's "The Bat." A bat in Brooklyn certainly seems an anomaly! However, I really had a sounder reason than that or than the good one of traveling to the role, if necessary, to get a glimpse of the ever delightful Shifty Fritz. When nearly a decade ago, she deserted grand opera, she announced an early translation of the Richard Genée libretto. Then, the other morning I learned that while New York will get the Johann Strauss opera next season, it will be in Gladys Langer's version called "Nightbirds," and now current in London; and the English company will come over to present it. So across the Brooklyn bridge I ambled, with what the immortal William calls "all convenient speed." And a glimpse of Fritz Scheff rewarded me.

Is there anyone on the stage today with quite the chief? Is there anyone with the piquancy? Is there anyone who so happily combines the cafe chantant sparkle of an Anna Held with the smartness and refinement of a Marie Tempest? If there is, I, for one, have never seen her. I wish I might be a Lady Duff Gordon long enough to describe her gowns; but even then, I could only tell you what she wore, not the way she wore it. In the ballroom scene, an unadorned, tight-fitting black silk dress, shot with sunburst rays of rhinestones, set off her superb figure to perfection. There were no sleeves, and a low cut bodice, slightly built up in the front with a band of white tulle, revealed practically her entire bare back to the waist. A tall, voluminous, black aigrette shot up from her mass of dark hair. And the only dash of color was a huge pink fan of ostrich feathers, which she handled with magnificent grace and languor. For the last act, Fritz added a rose du Barry cloak, lined and edged with soft, gray fur; and a huge, black picture hat. Quite the smartest costume I have ever seen in jail!

Do you recollect "Die Fledermaus"? It is not much sung, except in German, nowadays, though it retained its universal popularity many years after its original production in 1873. And you know the waltz, though you may not know you know it. Every one who has waltzed, does waltz, or even hopes to waltz, must know the haunting rhythms of "Die Fledermaus." Miss Scheff, rather oddly, has chosen the secondary female role, assigning the part to Hazel Cox, who sings and acts adequately, though with little distinction. The character is that of a countess whose husband, for some minor misdemeanor, must go to jail for eight days. The night of his departure her lover, whose voice exercises an hypnotic influence over her, comes to dine, making himself at home in the husband's smoking jacket. But the count is not going to prison until morning, having slipped away to spend the evening at a masked ball. So the impatient officers of the law, mistaking the countess for the countess's husband, hustle him off despite his protests. There (in this version, anyway) the plot ends—and the entertainment begins! The second act gets everybody to the ball, somehow or other, and is made up of enough Strauss music to make one wish for more. I am not asking for a turkey-trot interpolation; but for something borrowed from other Strauss operas. Indeed, why not let Miss Scheff sing "The Beautiful Blue Danube" itself? As it is, she has only one solo.

PROBABLY "Die Fledermaus" in the original, possesses a clearer, fuller and more reasonable plot than has been seen on the stage through three decades with nothing more than we get here. However, the second act is, musically, the best; and the last is uproariously funny because of an irrelevant scene, played very comically by Jack Hazzard and, especially, Frank Farrington. The rising of the curtain on a dark stage discovers the lone turkey trot at about dawn staggering about the warden's office, waiting for him. He has been singing all night, consoling himself with whisky. By the time his chief arrives he can stand up only with the greatest difficulty. But that official has spent his night at the masked ball, and turns up with a bun of only slightly less dimensions than his subordinate. So we have the ludicrous spectacle of two men with the blind staggers trying to conceal their condition from each other, and fancying they do

conceal it. Perhaps before leaving Brooklyn and "The Bat" I should mention that Miss Scheff's part—if such a sketchy bit could be dignified by the name of part—is that of the countess's maid, who invents an alibi in order to get off for a night at the ball, where she is introduced as an actress by her sister who is, in fact, an actress. She says she "borrowed" her ball-gown from her mistress; but even Brooklyn cannot swallow this in view of the perfect way in which it fits Fritz's doll-like form and of the Status of Liberty-like proportions of Miss Cox.

Let us be gay and playful. You ask me a question and I'll answer it. You say: "Where are the sirens of yesterday?" And I say: "In the motion-picture business." Do you remember the Baroness Blance? Perhaps you are too young; or perhaps you want to pretend to be. In any case, she flourished in the late 'eighties, which, as I had occasion to remark recently in the Green Book Album, was the Brownstone age. The most desirable New York streets were hideous with row upon row of stiff, uninviting dwellings; even in the better drawing rooms gas still prevailed, shedding its stuffy luster on "belles" in Alexandra bangs and "bustles," and outdoor exercise was still looked upon a bit askance as not a diversion to be indulged in by the ladies. The French language was glanced at with a vague mistrust; and Anglomaniac was rampant. Ward McAllister had proclaimed society to be limited to four hundred persons; and Mrs. William Astor ruled them (and, indirectly, influenced their "factors") with a stern hand. Richard Harding Davis's "Van Bibber" was the rage; amateur acting was the latest vogue, such prominent New Yorkers as Clara Bloodgood, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Elsie de Wolfe, the Wendells, being the most noted. The Wendells, being the most noted. The Wendells, being the most noted. The Wendells, being the most noted.

Long Branch, with horse racing and opulent gambling, houses at the present time the leading light of the glittering world, was crowding Saratoga for first place. And there, as a star in the constellation gathered about Mrs. Langtry and "Fred" Gebhard, the Baroness Blance shone resplendent. She was, in fact, no Baroness, being a girl from Philadelphia, or some Pennsylvania town, who was married to a Mr. Blance, whose Christian name was Baron. After a glowing career somewhat of the sort of Mrs. Langtry's, Mrs. Blance's name was Baron. After a glowing career somewhat of the sort of Mrs. Langtry's, Mrs. Blance's name was Baron. After a glowing career somewhat of the sort of Mrs. Langtry's, Mrs. Blance's name was Baron.

And then, there were the amateurs. Of course, like the poor, amateur actors are always with us; so you reasonably might ask me why I take up your time talking about a type of young folk who all but sandbag their relatives and friends into seeing them attempt to compete with experienced thousands upon thousands of an overcrowded profession. I don't know you have to suffer amateurishness at home, and therefore, cry aloud to me, "Keep your own troubles to yourself!" However, inasmuch as I am, on the one hand, too old to have to sit through parental performances in college theatrials and the like, I can't help cheering with partiality in saying that the new operettas presented, in leading Broadway theaters, by the Mask and Wig club of the University of Pennsylvania, and by the Junior league of fashionable New York, were exceptional enough in several ways to be noticeable here as leading incidents in a week of spring and song and gaiety. Besides, though the numerous leading roles of "Miss Helen of Troy" and "Tags and Tatters" were augmented by large choruses, extensive and of both sexes, the cast of the one play was made up entirely of men and of the other, all girls!

Ladies first. Indeed, with the suffragettes making such an uproar parading through the chief streets of the metropolis, he would be an adventurous male who undertook to push his way ahead of the weaker sex! The Junior league, an organization of the young folk of leading New York families, appears, from time to time, in amateur theatricals, able to furnish a purpose for the two performances of "Tags and Tatters," for example, gathered money in four figures for the benefit of the Music School settlement, which trains poor, but promising children, of the lower east side of the city for professional uses of their natural gifts. Walter Damrosch is an ardent worker in the movement, and it seems fitting therefore, to find his daughter, Margaret, granddaughter of the late great James G. Blaine, taking part in the operetta, though only in the chorus. Possibly it is mentioned, in passing, that in a Junior league performance of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," two or three years ago, the second Mrs. John Jacob Astor, then unmarried, undertook the leading role, professionally played by Ethel Barrymore. It would be hard to say which made the more alluring Madame Trentoni, though that is looking backward from "Tags and Tatters." Contrasting this piece the young men's play, "Miss Helen of Troy," one perhaps gets something of a "line" on the mood and point-of-view of male and female youth. For just as positively as the sexes were divided, with Quakerish rigidity, in the performances, so were they separated in the work of composition.

The book of "Tags and Tatters" was the brain-child of Grace Henry, and the lyrics and the music, of Grace Hollingsworth, both under 25 or younger. And their matter and their manner was as primitive and sentimental as "The Girl Baron" or "The Bohemian Girl." An Austrian prince, commanded to marry a princess he has never seen, runs away and disguises himself as the chief of a gypsy band. In a mountain pass,

his men capture three lovely girls, masquerading as strolling minstrels. When the Emperor of Austria captures the runaway and would punish him, the most bewitching of the girls reveals her royal identity; she is, of course, the princess in the case! I suppose the story is always new—I know the girls are.

BUT as for that, the boys of the Mask and Wig were pretty new, too. And when I say they were fresh, I don't mean what you mean; I mean they were not stale, were bubbling over with health, with fun and with keen delight in everything. There was nothing mushy about "Miss Helen of Troy," written for the club, which has been giving annual shows of the sort in Philadelphia for twenty-seven years, and has not acted in New York in two decades, by Edwin M. Lavino, with music by Charles Gilpin, both graduates of the U. of P. Its scene was Reno and its action always on the whoop-hurrah. Indeed, more than one of the Broadway managers and professional critics assembled for the first performance predicted a regular production next season. The Helen in the case is the dashing daughter of a millionaire and the Troy is the Pennsylvania town Helen (played by a man who made her truly beautiful and more deceptive as to sex than the moustachioed girl-bands in "Tags and Tatters," though happily he made no attempt to feign the good tones of his admirable baritone), was loved of numerous young men, including an ambitious librettist who journeyed to Reno in order to interest a prima donna, resident there for divorce purposes. Unfortunately, he interested her, and she wanted to marry him. Furthermore, Helen's mother almost married her to a French count, who turned out to be the husband the singer was at the moment trying to drop legally. For as one of the characters remarked: "The town motto of Reno is 'separation without representation.'"

Rheumatism
A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT.
In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried every remedy a doctor and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it afforded a cure in every case in every day. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-proven and, presently, withdrawn, to make way for the American debut of Eleanor Duse, January 23, 1893. A few years later Mrs. Blance again emerged, in widow's weeds and scarlet petticoats, to dance on one of the earliest metropolises, roof gardens. Then she disappeared forever from the realms of opulent frivolity. And where is she now? Running a little ten-cent motion picture theater near Lincoln square, a section of New York skirted on two sides by negro tenements and used the redolent of chauffeurs and their "girls."

NOTICE.
A special meeting of the members of the University club is hereby called to be held at its club house, No. 130 East South Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah, county, state of Utah, on the 18th day of May, 1912, at 8 o'clock p. m. of said date for the purpose of authorizing the board of trustees to borrow the sum of sixty thousand (\$60,000) dollars, or so much thereof as they may deem best, for such periods of time and on such terms as they may deem best, and in evidence thereof to issue bonds of this corporation and to secure the same by a mortgage or deed of trust on all the corporate property now owned by this corporation or which it may hereafter acquire, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.
Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, May 3, 1912.
President, c267

SALT LAKE'S NEWEST THEATRE BEAUTIFUL

Empress

SAFEST FIREPROOF THEATRE IN AMERICA

SULLIVAN-CONSIDINE GREATER ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE

Now Playing
TODAY
2:30, 7:30 and 9:15
GEORGE AUGER
Beatrice McKenzie
Walter Shannon
Sheridan and Sloane
Carl Randall
Moretto
Senator Francis
Murphy
Special News Events

STARTING WEDNESDAY, MAY 15
\$3500.00 Bill of Greater Variety. 35 People.
Six Headliners.
The Season's Greatest Laughing Hit
"THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER"
A Fantastic, Furiously Funny Musical Travesty,
With DAVID WALTERS.
"THE CARD PARTY" With Joseph Slaytor
BLACK AND WHITE-Accrobatic Novelty, Direct
from "Jardin des Varieties," Paris
"MUSICAL HODGES"
Recently of the Wintergarden, New York
RICE-ELMER AND TOM
Daring Feats on the Horizontal Bars
JENNINGS AND RENFREW
"The Boys Who Write Their Own Songs"
PATHE'S NEWS EVENTS
Scenes of the Titanic Disaster and Other Happenings
from All Ends of the World
Empress Concert Orchestra—8 Famous Soloists.

Regular Empire Prices,
10c, 20c, 30c.
500 PARQUET SEATS.
MATINEE DAILY. 10c

Bell Phone 876. Ind. Phone 877.

W. S. HENDERSON

WHOLESALE GROCER.

Corner Second South and Third West Sts.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Prompt Shipments to All Parts of the Country.
High-Grade Groceries. Mail Orders Solicited.

SAVES TIME AND ENERGY
Lightens All Housework

SAPOLIO

Cleans, Scours, Polishes
from cellar to garret
WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

212 MAIN STREET.
Honest Work
Honest Prices
Painless extraction of teeth or no pay.
All work guaranteed.
REMEMBER US.
We Treat You Right
Office hours: 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Sundays, 10 to 2. Phone 1125.



Capacity,
90,000
Bottles Daily

Come out
and inspect
our plant

FREE--One of These Beautiful Serving
Trays With a Case of Our Famous
American Beauty Beer

These trays are worth \$1.00 each. They are made of a good quality of stamped steel and decorated with a very artistic luncheon design in natural colors as outlined in cut above.

We have only a limited supply of these trays on hand, but while they last we will give one FREE to EVERY FAMILY buying a case of American Beauty Beer DIRECT FROM THE BREWERY.

This offer applies to FAMILY deliveries exclusively
—Only one tray to each customer.

Order a case NOW and
get one of these
**Beautiful TRAYS
FREE**

Both Phones
17

Brewed and Bottled
Only by
**The SALT LAKE
CITY BREWING
COMPANY**

Fifth South and
Tenth East

See the BEAUTY CHORUS

MUSICAL COMEDY

WITH ITS FLASHING COSTUMES, PRETTY GIRLS, CLEVER COMEDIANS, STUNNING PRIMA DONNAS AND COMEDIENNES

In Gay New York

Opens TONIGHT at the

GARRICK

FOR ONE WEEK, MATS. THURS. AND SAT. ONE PERFORMANCE A NIGHT. THE BIGGEST, FINEST, CLASSIEST MUSICAL SHOW OF THE SEASON HERE. PRICES, 10c, 20c, 30c AND 50c. TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE OPENS THE MUSICAL SHOW SEASON AT THE GARRICK. BIG SUCCESS IN PREPARATION.

WATCH FOR THE GREAT "BEAUTY CHORUS."

Pretty Girls---Clever Comedians

Both Phones 3569.

The Orpheum

Stock Season

ALL THIS WEEK
THE ORPHEUM PLAYERS
WILLARD MACK
SUPPORTED BY A STRONG COMPANY
In The E. H. Sothern Success

"A COLONIAL GIRL"

A romantic drama of 1776
FIRST TIME IN SALT LAKE. 40 PEOPLE IN THE CAST
ONE OF THOSE OLD TIME MACK PRODUCTIONS
Matinee Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. Prices 75c to 25c. Mat-
nees 50c to 15c.